and ferns and tropic plants line the steep sides;
the water is clear and fresh and singing over
stones ; blue and green unite and blend in loveli-
ness. Seawards, the sun glints on coconut fronds
and flashes on the coral of the reef and the white
surf. Maybe a white frigate bird will come sailing
serenely down the breeze or a blue heron rise from
his fishing on the shore.

A hibiscus hedge of pink and orange and red
blossom, mixed with yellow oleander, leads through
what might be a park of unfenced beauty to the
village street. Here the road is wholly grass-grown
for there is practically no traffic, and the houses
that line it at frequent and irregular intervals are
tossed down anywhere among flowers and shrubs.
The chief's house is not to be distinguished from
the rest, and if you met the chief you would not
know him. He is no longer a full-blooded physically
magnificent Tahitian, in native dress.

But canoes are drawn up on the shore, and men wear *pareus,* or native skirts, not infrequently. There is always a breeze; always sea and sky and mountain are delectable; and Stevenson declared that he had found nothing more lovely in the whole Pacific.